

The most lamentable Tragedie

Deme. Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

Chiron. Demetrius, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And pleade my passions for *Lavinia* loue.

Moore. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.

Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. Boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*

Aron. Why how now Lords?

So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolute,

Foule

of Titus Andronicus.

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.

Moore. Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge.
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world. (choise,

Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Moore. Why are ye mad? or know yee not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths;
By this deuise.

Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propo-
To atchiue her whom I loue.

Aron. To atchiue her how?

Demetrius. Why makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

C 2

Moore